

WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XIV—NO. 8.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1801.

WHOLE NO. 684.

THE MINSTREL OF THE FOREST.

A TALE.

[Continued from our last.]

HE left it in the hand of Greville and proceeded—"At an early age, my father and mother died, and left me lord of these domains. I immediately entered the army; but, I am now dead to the world, as I have secluded myself from serving my country, it is just that the few laurels which I have won should wither on my grave, uncherished and unseen!

"On my return from my first campaign, at the request of a brother-officer, I accompanied him to spend some time at Naumberg. I was introduced to many ladies, who were esteemed paragons of beauty and accomplishments; and who, from my rank in life, my character in the army, and my youth, I being then only nineteen, conceived it a glorious thing to take my young heart captive. All their natural charms and artificial contrivances, had no other effect on me than to raise my mirth at the continued trouble which they gave to themselves, without any annoyance to me. Alas! I did not long enjoy this security; for, in a short time after, a Prussian family came to reside at Naumberg. It consisted only of a lady and her daughter. Need I tell you, that daughter was the beautiful original of this picture? We met her in a public walk. My friend, who knew her mother slightly when at Berlin walked up, and, renewed his acquaintance, introduced me. O my God! what an evening was that! when I walked by her side, gazed on her heaven of charms with an unsated eye; heard the softest sounds of music drop from her lips, while she turned her whole attention to me, as if our thoughts were mutual!—the recollection drives me to phrenzy!

"But I will go on. I saw the bewitching Thufnelda every day. When I entered the room the sweetest smiles played on her countenance. When I approached her chair, she would blush, and shew me the seat which was nearest to her. When I spoke, she would listen with the mute attention; only interrupted, now and then, by a soft sigh. When I rose to go, the clouds would obscure the bright heaven of her brow; and, in a lingering voice she would breathe—"Xavier, farewell! To-morrow—" and then, as if she had discovered too much, turn hastily from me. How could I translate this? Alas! into a too tender language! Yet I had still stronger proofs of a love that would have been the treasure of my life.

"One day, I entered the room, to take my leave of her in whose presence I only lived; for in the morning I had received letters from my General, commanding me to join the army next day. When I approached Thufnelda, she was alone. The agony of my soul, at the idea of bidding adieu to her who had first taught my heart to feel, was so visible in my countenance, that she turned pale as I advanced; and, as I caught her hand, exclaimed—"Gracious Heaven! What is the matter? Are you ill?"

"On Thufnelda!" returned I, flinging myself on a chair, "this is, perhaps, the last time that I shall behold thee!" To-morrow I go to the frontiers. If I fall, will you, dear girl, remember me with a sigh?"

"A sigh!" re-echoed she, and burst into tears; "O accursed war! from which I date my every pang! Wilt thou drag all from me? wilt thou not even spare the valiant Weimar?"

"Such exclamations from her mouth bereaved me of my prudence, and I clasped her in my arms. She struggled to extricate herself. Trembling at my temerity, I released her; and dropped on my knee, to beg her forgiveness, and to breathe a prayer for her happiness, in my last adieu. As I raised my eyes to intreat her pardon, she drew this portrait from its case; and, putting it through a green ribband, she hung it over my neck, and said, farewell Xavier! as you love the original of this, may it prove a shield for your bosom in the hour of danger. O! I would to God, that its soft ivory was a cuirass of adamant, to turn the balls from the brave heart of its wearer!—Adieu! adieu!" I kissed her hand with vehemence, as she tore herself from me, and rushed out of the apartment.

"I rejoined my regiment. I went to the frontiers; and I snatched every post of hazard, that I might return more worthy to offer my hand to Thufnelda. With all the ardor of the most enthusiastic passion, I flew to Naumberg. I entered the house of Thufnelda. She was in the drawing-room. I rushed in; but my impatience, my joy, overpowered my frame, and I fell at her feet. She rose—"Count Weimar here!"—"Yes," replied I, snatching her hand; "returned to thee, my lovely Thufnelda! by the image of your sweet self, to claim the love you promised me!"—"I am married, Sir!" replied she, with the most freezing coldness.

"All hell rushed on my mind, and I fell senseless to the ground. When I recovered, I found myself on the sofa, with the mother of Thufnelda, herself, and a gentleman, leaning over me. In a heavy groan, I breathed out the name of—"Thufnelda! cruel, barbarous Thufnelda!" Her mother dropped my hand, which she had held—"What do you mean, Count Weimar, by these words? This is the husband of my daughter! How has she deserved such epithets from you?"

"I suddenly jumped from the sofa—"The husband of Thufnelda! Great God! the husband of Thufnelda!"—"Yes, Sir," replied he, coloring, I am; and, if you have any thing to accuse her of, mention it to me. I am now her protector and defender!"

"Regardless of his address, I turned to her with the most torturing anguish burning in my eyes—"Thufnelda! it was indeed, a last adieu! May the beneficent King of Heaven make you blessed; and the sorrows which may have been doomed for thy head be showered on this devoted heart whose racking agony cannot be rendered more acute!—Farewell! and remember, in thy last hour I have forgiven thee!"

"I turned from her, and would have left the room; but she flew forward; and, casting herself at my feet, between me and the door, intreated me not to leave her till she had confessed the full extent of her crime to her husband, who now advanced, pale with apprehension, and his eyes wild with terror. I raised her from the earth. She then told me, that the brave Englishman, who was then her husband, had, long before she saw me, been introduced to her at Berlin; at which court he was, attending on the son of his sovereign, the Duke of York. At the first interview, an attachment took place; and, on the eve of his return to England, she was solemnly betrothed to him. Her mother, tired of the splendors of a court, resolved to retire to Naumberg, her birth-place, and reside there till the marriage of her daughter with Captain Spencer. On their arrival in that town, Thufnelda heard of me; "my beauty, my bravery, my rank, and my inflexibility," all which she determined to conquer, as a pastime during the absence of her lover, any knowledge of whom she had carefully concealed from me. My unexperienced heart too easily fell into the snare. When I took my leave of her, she was touched at my distress; and, knowing that she would be married, and most probably in England, before my return, she thought she would finish her plot so as, by the recollection of her tenderness, to render the perils of my campaign more tolerable to my feelings. But now she abhorred herself for her duplicity; and, to the latest hour of her life, would execrate the precepts which taught her, that lovers must be acquired at the expence of every thing that is graceful in humanity. With a flood of tears, she begged my forgiveness; and, having received it from my lips, unconsciously to myself, pronounced the words, she arose, and left the room. Her Husband caught my arm—"Noble Weimar!" said he, while the kind compassion of his soul spoke in his benevolent eye, "this conduct of my wife wounds me to the heart I know not what to say in her defence, but that it is the fault of her education, not the crime of her soul. Cursed be the wretches, who formed the code of laws by which the generality of females guide their lives! Vanity, hypocrisy, and perfidy, are their first lessons. From such principles, what effects must spring, but disgrace and misery? My dear Thufnelda has a tender heart, but she is a perfect woman. Education has spoiled in her the most humane and gentle of dispositions. Her remorse for the mischief she has occasioned, and my sedulous endeavors, may perhaps accomplish the reinstatement of its former worth. But to you, much-injured Weimar! forget her as a thing undeserving of your esteem."

[To be concluded in our next.]

Antidote against mis-spending Time.

SHOULD the greatest part of the people set down and draw up a particular account of their time, what a shameful bill would it be? So much extraordinary for eating, drinking, and sleeping, beyond what nature requires; so much for reveling and wantonness; so much for the recovery of last night's intemperance; so much for gaming; so much in paying and receiving formal and impertinent visits, in idle and foolish prating, in censuring and reviling our neighbors over a dish of tea—in dressing our bodies, and talking of fashions; and so much wasted and lost in doing nothing.

THE ROVING BARD.

AT the last assizes for the county of Cork, a case came on to be tried, in which the question to be determined was, the validity of a will made by his father in law, in favor of a man of the name of John Fitzgibbon. The other relations contended that the will was spurious, as the deceased had never been reconciled to his daughter after she was married. To prove the contrary, one Cotter was called, who is well known under the denomination of "The Roving Bard." This fellow's office is that of Poet Laureate to the whole county, having no occupation but visiting the different farmers' houses and paying for his board by songs and poems in praise of the hostels and her family, which are preserved by them as so many records of their hospitality. The Bard swore that he saw the deceased at the house of his son-in-law perfectly reconciled before his death, upon which occasion he made some very famous verses. Being asked what these verses were, he rummaged a large bundle of papers, from which he selected the following sublime effusion of his gratulatory muse:

"Hail, happy union,
John Fitzgibbon!
You and the father of your wife,
Will now be friends the remainder of your life.
When Charon takes him into his old boat,
Thou' grief, alas! will choke your honest throat,
Yet I shall see you in a brand new coat,
Your wife and children will be better dress'd,
When Death leaves you the key of his strong chest.
May your kind love and friendship never totter!
So sings the Roving Bard, sweet Larry Cotter."

When the recitation was over, the Poet looked round to enjoy those praises he was so much accustomed to, and beheld the whole Court convulsed with laughter. This testimony, however, had its full effect; for it obtained credit with the jury, and established the validity of the will.

DETACHED THOUGHTS.

THE temperate man's pleasures are durable, because they are regular; and all his life is calm and serene because it is innocent.

He who thinks no man above him but for his virtue, none below him but for his vice, can never be obsequious in a wrong place.

That is a mean and despicable kind of pride, that measures worth by the gifts of fortune, the greatest portion of which, is too often in the hands of the least deserving.

Proud men never have friends; neither in prosperity, because they know nobody; nor in adversity, because then nobody knows them.

Of all the diversions of life, there is none so proper to fill up its empty spaces; as the reading of useful and entertaining authors; and with that, the conversation of a well chosen friend.

By reading we enjoy the dead, by conversation the living, and by contemplation ourselves. Reading enriches the memory, conversation polishes the wit, and contemplation improves the judgment. Of these, reading is the most important, which furnishes both the others.

HISTORICAL MEMORANDUM.

EPAMINONDAS, the Theban General, was in but low circumstances, yet the greatness of his soul never suffered him to stoop to gain; an agent from Xerxes, mentioning to him a vast sum of money, he calmly answered, "Money, Sir, is a thing which most have nothing to do between you and I. If the King your master is inclined to do good as an ally to Thebes, my friendship shall cost him nothing, but if his design has any other views, all the gold and silver he possesses will never purchase one who suffers not the whole riches of the world so much as to enter into competition with the love of his country. So Thebes, by his merit was only raised to the highest pitch of glory, as Athens was kept from destruction solely by Demosthenes.

ENIGMA.

The following LETTERS were found written in a Welch Church, over the Ten Commandments, and remained upwards of a century unexplained.

P R S V R Y P R F C T M N
V R K P T S P R C P T S T N

To solve the enigma, add one vowel, and use it as often as it is found necessary.

SCRAP. Slander is the revenge of a coward, and dissimulation his defence.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

LINES,

Written on hearing a YOUNG LADY express a wish to travel.

"DEAR is attention to the human mind,"
Says lovely BETSEY, as she sighs to rove;
But dearest, BETSEY, are the joys we find
At home, where hearts are join'd in mutual love.

Where smiling Friendship nearer to it draws
The modest love which dares not open stand,
Till warm it burns in Hymen's sacred laws,
And Love and Friendship join in one strong band.

There round the smiling scene chaste pleasure reigns,
And peace serene takes up her bliss'd abode;
Heaven-born happiness there also deigns
 Oft-times to dwell, and shew her flow'ry road.

A darling offspring sweetly smile around,
Deck'd in the charms of lovely innocence,
To view their looks their parents hearts rebound,
And mark with joy each opening bud of sense.

The lovely boy, the sweetly smiling girl,
Their features ripening in the forming day,
Their father's soul, their mother's charms unfurl,
And bless each moment with some dawning ray.

Ye smiling innocents, enjoy your spring,
Ye happy parents, ah! what bliss is yours!
Blest in the joys such sweet enchantments bring,
Where virtue still more firm the bliss secures.

Dear lovely babes! I clasp you in my arms,
Dear are your smiles unto my rising breast;
O when shall I, possess'd of the dear charms
Of her I love, thus in her love be blest!

Why then, dear BETSEY! should you wish to roam?
Why seek for homage in a dubious tour,
While softer joys more sweetly burn at home?
That is uncertain—these are in your power.
November 26. CELADON.

PLEASURE AND HOPE.

WOULDST thou the fondest bliss receive

From faying Love, that man can gain?

'Tis in the female bosom's heaven,

Which softly says—"I love again!"

From lips that no deceit employ,

Sicst in a sigh (the sweet confession!)

And, in the hope of promis'd joy,

Gives more than pleasure in possession!

How virtuous Shame, Love's empire owning,

Then gentle sheds the modest tear,

That, far from virgin honor dawning,

Bids it an added lustre wear!

How sweet the silent calm that reigns,

When thus obtain'd th' avowal sought!--

No vent'rous word that bliss explains,

The hope of which illumines the thought!

I love, when the soft confession's caught,

Too soon the voice of Prudence hates;

That, whelm'd beneath the madd'ning draught

In phrenzied bliss evaporates!

Ye fair who own Love's potent sway,

With cautious fear your bosoms ope;

On Pleasure's wing he hastes away,

If Pleasure follows close on Hope!

Son to the powerful god of arms,

His force must from resistance grow;

Plunge him in Pleasure's downy charms,

His drooping torch will cease to glow;

Beneath Enjoyment's flow'ry bed

Oft lies the grave of fond desires;

Oft, when on Pleasure's bosom spread,

We feel regret that Hope expires!

EPIGRAM.

ONE day, when in preaching, a text-spinning spark
The whole length of his body reach'd o'er the clerk,
And stretching his neck, like a game cock in fighting,
Inseparably shouting, and cheating, and biting;
Moley turn'd up his head, and said, "Sir, while you're
preaching,
Amongst all other crimes you forgot OVER-REACHING."

Remark. A man's best or worst fortune is a wife.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

MEDDLER, No. XVI.

Saturday, December 5, 1801.

-----May reproach transmit my name, abhorred,
To latest time, if ever thought was mine,
Unjust to filial reverence--filial love. MALLEY.

SO many have been rendered unhappy by disobeying the advice of parents, that no one should act in opposition to it, without reasons of uncommon weight. The right of experience to direct is admitted in all cases; and, between parent and child, the right is enforced by the strongest claims, that can possibly be urged. Passion and prejudices are apt to blind even cautious and suspected age; but with what ungovernable power do they rule that mind which has never yet been awakened to suspicion by the deceptions of fancy, nor alarmed into vigilance by the treachery of sense. Sensible of this truth, moral philosophers have established the duty of filial obedience which puts the inexperience of youth under the direction of age. Regarding as they ought, the interests of society, and the happiness of individuals which compose it, they searched with the penetration of wisdom, for the best probable assurance of domestic peace. They have found it in the principle of filial obedience, and, mindful that justice commands what is good, they have called the submission of a child, a duty commanded by moral justice. They have directed that the child, for his own good, should be bound to obey; that he should suffer himself to be guided in the intricate and confused paths of life, by the precepts of those, who have learned the lesson of caution by being often deceived, and who know the windings of much of the way, by having travelled it before. Principles enforced by such high authority, should be regarded with a kind of veneration, and be the sacred rule of conduct in all cases which come within their embrace. But to every general rule there are some exceptions. To pursue our own happiness is a moral duty of high obligation, but if strictly observed, without yielding in any single instance, it would sometimes clash with general rules of a higher nature; though perhaps a new casuist would say, that our true happiness never requires such rigid obedience. However, the supposition upon which obedience is commanded by the moral law, is that parents will direct with a just regard to reason and right; when the contrary is manifest beyond dispute, the condition of the obligation is broken, and the child is free to act upon the more binding principles of natural law. If a parent commands a crime, the child is forbid to obey; for the obligation of nature is never to be broken for any social one; the precept, "thou shalt commit no crime," is higher than the one which commands the obedience of a child, and if to obey we must do a wrong it is wrong to obey. This principle being established, HONORATA, who, in my last number, asked my advice, can make the proper application. But let her proceed with caution; let her be well assured that her mother's commands spring from the forces of folly, and have in view no real good; that they are viewed by HONORATA with the eye of unprejudiced judgment, through the true medium of right; not colored at all by the passion of love, or the subtle operations of an inflamed fancy. Even in this case, so careful is the moral law, to preserve good order, that it does not allow HONORATA to be her own judge; for it supposes her too much interested to determine without bias. As in civil law, the people should bear much oppression, and patiently endure for a time even injuries, rather than rashly recur to first principles; and as they are, at all events, best to submit their wrongs to the judgment of nations, before the grand duty of political obedience is to be infringed; so in moral government much evil should be endured, much wrong suffered, and wife counsel taken, before recourse is had to the last resort. If the objections of HONORATA's mother look only to the eye-brow and a Roman nose of her lover, they are too frivolous to be regarded; therefore, on the supposition that this is all, I certainly advise HONORATA to marry, and leave the event to Heaven. I am the more bold in giving this advice, as HONORATA is threatened with being made the second standing monument of her mother's ill judgment. With what unhappy regret should I see HONORATA falling a sacrifice to a noble, yet too delicate sense of duty; but I hope in this instance she will follow the dictates of her heart. What she has said is, with proper restrictions, true, that in some cases "nature directs us better, even than a mother." As an instance of this truth, I will request attention to the little history of HARRIETTE. S.

[The remainder of this No. in our next.]

[In the Meddler of last week, line 29, for "inconvenience," read "inconsistency."]

FADING OF THE YEAR.

THE leafless tree, the sighing gale,
The naked hill, the hoary vale,
The lonely bower, and forest drear,
Announce the fading of the year.

Coy Spring with all her virgin charms,
Has flown from Summer's fervid arms,
And Summer too has fled apace,
From pallid Autumn's chill embrace.

For seated round the social fire,
Where rustic rules their souls inspire,
The village circle, 'mid their cheer,
Forget the fading of the year.

The poet erst, in Spring of hope,
Saw blissful scenes in prospect ope,
But soon, alas! cold Autumn's blight,
Snatch'd the fair prospect from his sight.

Sweet Spring again will dance the green,
When cheerless winter quits the scene,
But hope, to me, will ne'er return;
While the faint lamp of life shall burn.

ANECDOTE.

AN old German soldier, having lost both his arms in a severe battle, his commanding officer proposed to reward his bravery with a dollar. "You certainly think, Captain," exclaimed the veteran with becoming spirit, "that I have only lost my gloves!"

REMARK.

THERE are men who seem to think nothing so much the characteristic of genius, as to do common things in an uncommon manner.—Like *Hodibras*, to tell the clock by *Algebra*, or like the lady in *Dr. Young's* satire, to drink tea by *stratagem*; to quit the beaten track, only because it is known, and take a new one however crooked and rough, because the straight one was found out before.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1801.

IMPORTANT.

Extract of a letter from a Merchant in Alexandria, to a very respectable commercial house in this city, dated 28th November, 1801.

"A fast sailing schooner just came up, and passed the brig *Neptune*, Captain Coleman, 30 miles below, direct from Lisbon, who reports that SPAIN had DECLARED WAR against the UNITED STATES of America."

[Mercantile adv.]

By a letter from Aux-Cayes of the 28th Oct. last. We learn that a lady, who owned an estate in that neighborhood, and who had been obliged to leave it 8 years ago, had returned, at the earnest solicitations of her blacks; and was much surprised to have delivered to her a great part of her plate and furniture, which the unfortunate creatures had carefully preserved.

Last Sunday evening a Charity Sermon was preached in the North Church, by the Rev. Mr. Abeel, and 454 dollars 26 cents, were collected for the benefit of the Charity School.

LONDON, Oct. 10.

This morning we received, by express Paris journals of the 7th; and we have the pleasure of stating, that in the flag of truce, by which they were brought over, Citizen Lauriston, aid-de-camp to Bonaparte, came passenger, with the ratification of the Preliminaries of Peace, which was communicated to Lord Hawkebury, and announced in the London Gazette extraordinary.

October 11.

Citizen Lauriston arrived at Dover at nine o'clock on Friday evening. On his passage through town to M. O'to's residence, his carriage was followed by a numerous concourse of people, who afterwards took the horses from his carriage, and drew it down Broad Street, St. James' Street, and to Downing Street, expelling on the occasion the most tumultuous joy. Citizen Lauriston is not more than 25 years of age; he was dressed in regimentals closely buttoned; a blue jacket, with epaulettes.

Measures have already been taken for reducing our navy to the peace establishment, orders have been issued from the admiralty for paying off several ships in port. Orders

have likewise been issued from the adjutant-general's office for suspending the recruiting service.

Dispatches were yesterday sent to the several ports for suspending all hostile operations against France, Spain and Holland, and for withdrawing our several blockading squadrons.

From the LONDON GAZETTE, October 13, 1801.

BY THE KING.

A PROCLAMATION

Declaring the cessation of Arms, as well by Sea as Land, agreed upon between his Majesty and the French Republic, and enjoining the observance thereof.

GEORGE R.

WHEREAS preliminaries for restoring peace between us and the French Republic were signed at London on the first day of this instant, October, by the Plenipotentiary of us, and by the Plenipotentiary of the French Republic; and, whereas, for the putting an end to the calamities of war as soon and as far as may be possible, it hath been agreed between us, and the French Republic as follows; that is to say, that as soon as the preliminaries shall be signed and ratified, friendship should be established between us and the French Republic, by sea and land, in all parts of the world, and that all hostilities should cease immediately; and in order to prevent all causes of complaint and dispute which might arise on account of prizes which might be made at sea after the signature of the preliminary articles, it has been also reciprocally agreed, That the vessels and effects which might be taken in the British Channel and in the North Seas, after the space of twelve days, to be computed from the exchange of the ratifications of the preliminary articles, should be restored to each side; that the term should be one month from the British Channel and the North Sea as far as the Canary Islands including, whether in the Ocean or in the Mediterranean; two months from the said Canary Islands as far as the Equator; and lastly, five months in all other parts of the world, without any exception, or any more particular description of time or place; And whereas the ratification of the said preliminary articles between us and the French Republic were exchanged by the respective Plenipotentiaries of us, and of the French Republic, on the 10th day of this instant, October, from which day the several terms above mentioned of twelve days, of one month, of two months and of five months, are to be computed: And whereas it is our royal will and pleasure that the cessation of hostilities between us and the French Republic should be agreeable to the several epochs fixed between us and the French Republic, we have thought fit, by and with the advice of our privy council, to notify the same to all our loving subjects; and we declare that our royal will and pleasure is, and we do hereby strictly charge and command all our officers both at sea and land, and all other our subjects whatsoever, to forbear all acts of hostility, either by sea or land, against the French republic, and their allies, their vessels or subjects, from and after the respective times above mentioned, and under penalty of incurring our highest displeasure.

Given at our court at Windsor the 12th day of this instant, October, in the forty-first year of our reign, and in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and one.

PARIS, Oct. 8.

The peace concluded between the French Republic, and the Kingdom of Portugal, was published this day with the greatest pomp, and the acclamations of an immense people. The publication commenced at break of day. Discharges of artillery announced it at the same time in all parts of the city. The first Consul attended the grand parade, and reviewed the troops. In every rank he was received with shouts of "Live Bonaparte." It appears from the quickness of his motion, that he sought to free himself from these acclamations; but they followed him every where, and his name was in every mouth, as it is in every heart.

A solemn festival is to be celebrated on the 9th of next month, throughout the whole republic, on account of the signing of the Preliminaries of Peace between France and England.

The person who about 3 weeks since, purchased a set of *Winterbottom's History of America*, from the Subscriber, and took the first vol. with him, is requested to call for the remaining vols. and pay, or return the one he took away. If he does not, his name will be made public.

JOHN TIEBOUT, 246 Water-Street.

COURT OF HYMEN.

How e'er the various scenes of life we scan,
Still wedlock is the happiest state of man:
Old bachelors and maids may spurn the tie,
And, "lost in their sad selves, both live and die;"
Yet those, who once have worn the joyful chain,
Know its blest sweets, and fly to it again:
Convinc'd, that in its bonds alone, we prove
The foul of life, felicity and love.

MARRIED.

At New Milford, (Conn.) on Sunday evening the 22nd ult. by the Rev. Mr. Griswold, Doctor ROBERT NOXON, of Poughkeepsie, to Miss ANN RUGGLES, of that place.

On Wednesday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Leonard, Mr. GEORGE T. MORFORD to Miss MARIA WARDELL, both of Shrewsbury, N. Jersey.

On Thursday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Abeel, Mr. PETER STAGG, of the house of Snell, Stagg & Co. to Miss CATHARINE STEDDIFORD, daughter of Col. Gerard Steddiford, all of this city.

DIED.

At Wilmington, (N. C.) 13th Nov. much regretted, Mrs. HESTER WILKINGS, the amiable consort of Mr. John Wilkings, of that place, and daughter of Mr. James Wyatt, of this city.

On Sunday night last, of a painful sickness, Mrs. CATHARINE GILBERT, wife of William W. Gilbert, Esq. of this city.

The poetic tale, entitled "LISIS AND LOUISA," Verses "ON DECEMBER," "Tributary Lines in memory of the FIRST OF MEN," &c. are intended for, and will adorn, our next number.

THEATRE.

On Monday evening, will be presented the celebrated Tragedy of

Pizarro in Peru,

OR, THE DEATH OF ROLLA.

To which will be added, a Farce in two acts, called,

All the World's a Stage.

DRAWING SCHOOL.

I. JARVIS takes leave to inform the public, that he intends on Monday December 7, to open his Academy at No. 144 William-Street, corner of Fair-Street, where Young Ladies and Gentlemen may be taught to draw in Indian Ink, Colors or Chalk, on paper, satin, vellum, &c. or to paint in oil on canvas. Hours of attendance for Ladies from 2 to 4, and Gentlemen from 6 to 8 every day, Saturday excepted. Terms 6 dollars per quarter. Entrance 8 dollars. Private lessons 1 dollar each.

684---4t.

DOCTOR ONDERDONK

Has removed from John Street to No. 33 Fair-Street, a few doors above the North Church.

Shortly will be published, an Original Novel.

Proposals (by Isaac N. Ralston,) for publishing by subscription, an original Novel, to be entitled,

MONIMIA,

OR THE BEGGAR GIRL.

WRITTEN BY AN AMERICAN LADY.

Part of which has appeared in the *Lady's Monitor*.

Of the work in contemplation, and which is now offered for public patronage, enough has already been published, in periodical numbers, to give an idea of it. This promise, however, shall accompany these proposals, that the errors which have made their appearance in the composition, and which were, in some measure, owing to the haste in which it was written, shall be carefully corrected, and every unimportant article particularly omitted.

CONDITIONS.

1. It is expected that this work will be comprised in one volume, of about 330 or 340 pages, duodecimo.

2. It will be printed on a neat type, and good paper, and be delivered to subscribers, handsomely bound and lettered, at one dollar, payable on delivery.

3. The work will be put to press immediately, and be continued with all possible exertion, till it is published.

COURT OF APOLLO.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

FELICITY.

HOW happy the shepherd must be
Whose mind can enjoyment approve,
Whose breast from each impulse is free,
Save the soft glowing impulse of love!

His ANNA's more fair to his view,
Than all the gay scenes of parade,
Her beauties to him are still new,
As the roses that bloom in the glade.

At the touch of her delicate cheek
Each tender emotion beats high,
He feels what his tongue cannot speak,
Nor mountains of Peru could buy.

His heart ever tun'd like his reed,
Can feel gentle Sympathy's pow'r,
At the story of anguish can bleed,
And sweetly beguile the sad hour.

His bosom is open and free,
Like the fountain that echoes from 'far,
And calm as the wide-spreading sea,
And mild as the evening star.

He asks not for treasures of wealth,
Nor fights for the joys of the great,
His riches contentment and health,
His pleasures what these can create.

How blest is his cot to his sight!
How blithsome the note he can sing!
How grateful the dreams of the night!
How cheering the transports they bring!

The raptures that beam on his soul,
Are purer than earth can bestow,
Or those that delight in the bowl
E'er tasted, or ever can know.

Ye Gods! let such pleasures be mine,
And with gratitude ever impress,
The wish in gay splendor to shine,
Shall never deprive me of rest.

New-York, August 24, 1801.

I. A.

SANS FROID.

MYRTLE unsheath'd his shining blade,
And fix'd its point against his breast;
Then gaz'd upon the wondering maid,
And thus his dire resolve express'd---

"Since, cruel fair, with cold disdain,
"You still return my raging love;
"Thought is but madness, life but pain,
"And thus, at once, I both remove."

---"O stay one moment," Chloe said,
And, trembling, halted to the door;
"Here, Betty, quick!--a pail, dear maid,
"This madman, else, will stain the floor!"

ANECDOTES.

THE IRISH ECHO.

AN Irish traveller, who was describing the beautiful lake of Killarney, among other wonders, gave an account of a very sensible echo in that neighborhood, which, in reply to his question, "How do you do, Pat?" instantly returned for answer, "Pretty well, I thank you."

IN some of the love letters of a noble Marquis, in England, lately tried for crim. con. he seems to have had his mind equally impressed with Love, Religion, and the Price of Grain. One of these runs thus:---"I hope Charles will write me word when you are confined---A calm spirit, and a just sense of our own unworthiness, is absolutely necessary---Wheat fell 5s. a quarter at Reading last Saturday." This is as incoherent as the style of Justice Shallow---"Death, as the Psalmist says, is certain to all; all must die. How! a good yoke of oxen at Stamford Fair?"

[London paper.]

THE late Mr. Flood, once talking of the Irish pension list, said, it might be compared to DEATH, for it was the wages of sin.

MORALIST.

AGE, that lessens the enjoyments of life increases our desire of living. Those dangers which in the vigor of youth we had learned to dispise, assume new terrors as we grow old. Our caution increasing as our years increase, fear at last becomes the prevailing passion of the mind, and the small remainder of life is taken up in useless efforts to keep off our end, or provide for a continued existence.

Strange contradiction in our nature, and to which even the wife are liable! If I should judge of that part of life which lies before me that which I have already seen, the prospect is hideous.

Our attachment to every object around us increases, in general from the length of our acquaintance with it. The longer we know our friends and find them to be really such, the more unwilling we shall be to part with them. "I would not chuse," says a French philosopher, "to see an old post pulled up with which I had been long acquainted." A mind long habituated to a certain set of objects, infensibly becomes fond of seeing them; visits them from habit, and parts from them with reluctance;---from hence proceeds the avarice of the old in every kind of possession; they love the world and all it produces; they love life and all its advantages not merely because it gives them pleasure, but because they have known it long.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

THE partnership of E. and R. JOHNSTON is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

Nov. 12, 1801.

ROBERT JOHNSTON.

The business is still carried on by E. JOHNSTON, Book-Binder and Stationer, No. 385 Pearl-street, opposite Rutgers-street, New-York.

November 28.

ELKANAH JOHNSTON.

EVENING TUITION.

MR. DUPORT presents his respects to the young Gentlemen of this city, and informs them that his EVENING SCHOOL, was opened on Tuesday the 24th inst. at the OLD ASSEMBLY ROOM, William street. The subscription is now open at Mr. Duport's house, No. 78 Courtlandt street. Mr. D. requests those Gentlemen who intend honoring him with their attendance, to apply as soon possible.

Nov. 28,

REMOVAL.

HIRAM GARDNER, Ladies Shoe-maker, has removed his store from No. 114 to No. 91 Broadway, opposite the Trinity Church.

HIRAM GARDNER returns his grateful acknowledgments to his friends and the public for their past patronage, and humbly solicits a continuance of their favors, to merit which no endeavors shall be wanting. At the same time he begs leave to inform them that he has received by the late arrivals from London, a large and fashionable assortment of FANCY LEATHER for Ladies Shoes, particularly supply of elegant, tea and purple colored Kid and Morocco.

NB. Merchants and others may be supplied with shoes suitable for the Southern and West-India markets, at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms.

November 14, 1801.

81 6w

DANCING SCHOOL.

MR. DUPORT respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentleman of this city, that his School for day and evening scholars is now opened at the old ASSEMBLY-ROOM No. 63 William Street.

Ladies and Gentlemen who wish to perfect themselves by private lessons in different characters of dances, as Allemande, Vally's, De la Cour Minuet, and Gavotte, with the Devonshire Minuet, or any other dances, &c. may depend on punctual attendance.---N. B. Those who honor Mr. Duport with their commands, or require further particulars, will please to apply at his house, No. 78 Courtlandt-street, three doors from the corner of Greenwich-Street, where Cotillions and Country Dances of Mr. Duport's composition may be had.

Nov. 14 6w.

THE LADIES OF NEW-YORK

Are respectfully informed, that LANE, & Co. have just imported from London, a small and elegant assortment of the most fashionable PELICES, (or Ladies Great Coats) which will be opened on Monday next, at No. 133 William street.

Nov 21; 4w

Quilted Silk Coats,

Made and for sale by WILL. WEYMAN,
No. 39 Maiden-Lane.

Who has just completed a great assortment, which consists of the most prevailing colours, newest fashions, and of different qualities.

A few sent for trial if requested. Coats made to particular directions with care. October 31. 79 3m

FOR THE USE OF THE FAIR SEX,

The Genuine French Almond Paste,

Superior to any thing in the world for cleaning, whitening and softening the skin, remarkably good for chapped hands, to which it gives a most exquisite delicacy---this article is so well known it requires no further comment.

Imported and sold by F. Dubois, Perfumer, No. 81 William-street New-York.

Likewise to be had at his Perfumery Store, a complete assortment of every article in his line, such as Pomatums of all sorts, common and scented Hair Powders, a variety of the best Soaps and Wash Balls, Essences and Scented Water, Rouge and Rouge Tablets, Pearl and Face Powder, Almond Powder, Cold Cream, Cream of Naples, Lotion, Milk of Roses, Aromatic Balsam for the Hair, Grecian Oil, Greenough Tincture for the Teeth, Artificial Flowers and Wreaths, Plumes and Feathers, Silk and Kid Gloves, Violet and Vanilla Segars, Ladies Work Boxes, Wigs and Frizets, Perfume Cabinets, Razors, and Razor Strops of the best kind, handsome Dressing Cases for Ladies and Gentlemen complete, Tortoise shell and Ivory Combs, Swandown and Silk Puffs, Pinching and curling Irons, &c.

80 3m.

J. TICE,

Perfumer and Ornamental Hair-Manufacturer.

Has removed from No. 19 Park Row, to No. 134 William-street, next door to Mr. Robertson's Carpet Store ---where he has for sale an elegant assortment of Ladies' wigs and Fillets, of various colors, and of the most recent fashions, which he has received by late arrivals from Europe---with a general assortment of PERFUMERY, of the first quality, &c. &c.

He has also for sale---A new invented Liquid Blacking, for boots and shoes, which is an excellent preservation for the leather, and renders it water proof, and will not even soil the whitest silk. Black morocco that is become rusty, by the use of this Blacking, will look equal to new---To be had only at the above store. Nov. 14.

Novels and Romances,

For sale by John Harrison, No. 3 Peck-slip.

THREE SPANIARDS, by George Walker, Mordaunt, by the author of Zeluco, Horrors of Oakendale Abbey, Charlotte Temple, Emilia d' Varmont, or the Necessary Divorce, Louisa, the lovely Orphan, or the Cottage on the Moor, Ambrose and Eleanor, Sorrows of Werter, Sufferings of the Family of Ortenberg, Galatea, a Pastoral Romance, (by M. Cervantes) Paul and Virginia, an Indian Story, Two Cousins, Ambrosio, or the Monk, by M. G. Lewis, Esq; Children of the Abbey. Wieland, or the Transformation Ormond, or the Secret Witness. Tom Jones, Letters of Charlotte, during her connexion with Werter, Camilla. Romance of the Forest. The Italian, Evelina, Paul and Mary, Young Widow, The Nun, Nature and Art, Gonsalvo of Cordova, Arundel, Haunted Priory, Memoirs of a Baroness, Pamela, Simple Story. Man of the World. Fatal Folies, Inquisitor, or Invisible Rambler, Fool of Quality, Mysteries of Udolpho, Mystic Cottage. Select Stories, Count Roderick's Castle, Female Conclancy, Edward, Madame d' Earnevelt, Sutton Abbey, Zeluco, Maurice, Audley Fortescue, Prince of Brittany, Caroline of Lichtfield, Baron Trenck Man of Feeling. Telemachus, Citizen of the World, Sentimental Journey, Roderick Random, Haunted Cavern, a Caledonian Tale, Julia Benson, Vicar of Wakefield, Gabrielle de Vergey,

WANTS A PLACE,

As a HOUSE-KEEPER, a middle aged woman, well acquainted with house-keeping, and who can by well recommended. Enquire at No. 46 Barley-street.

Printed and published by J. HARRISON,
No. 3 Peck-Slip.